

# Bard

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## Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "junD2010" (2010). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 501.  
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# Bard

= = = = =

Hate to live with my mind on something else  
but all artists are superstitious  
Are you an artist then? Behold,  
I am the figure of a reproachful wife  
Giulio Romano made me to stand  
silently for sixteen years and frown  
at mankind with my loveliness, so like  
the artist is his handiwork, you know?  
But you are a man and far from comely  
as such a grieving dame must seem  
where does this artist business come from?

It comes from something else.  
Art is something else  
locked in the dungeon of poor this—  
release me, o fair deliverer!  
that's what I hear from every creature  
every blunt commodity in your economy  
o if you love me set me free. So you  
at peace in your summer morning kayak  
take pleasure in this marshy world, eiders  
camping by the shore—but I, with all this  
and elsewhere churning in my head  
must launch this and a thousand other vessels  
in a thousand seas and see where each one goes.

Art is the opposite of religion  
since faith and cult are always about being here  
and art is the other thing, left over,  
the irritant that frictions up your night  
into tellable constellations.  
I don't know what it is but just one day  
I too would fancy a mute canoe.  
But this is my destiny, my ruin is my loveliness.  
Reality is superstition, do you understand me now,  
it's what's left over. This real thing  
in your hand is just the start of something else.

9 June 2010

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Set wandering. Squaw pale

wake early and often.

But once your eyes are open wide  
go gallivanting through the kitchen.

Boiling water. Morning offering.

9 June 2010

## ON THE DAY TWELVE-IX

Somebody born this day  
has a lion head instead.  
Born tomorrow  
will have sparrow wings  
and eagle meanings.

You are born at the single  
intersection of impossibilities  
where for a split second  
something is possible—

you, adrift inside your mother  
waiting, both of you,  
your strange deliverance.  
By the salt marsh  
reeds tremble in the wind—  
that's where you learned beauty.

You try to make things that are *there*.  
You have no secrets.  
That is your secret.

9 June 2010  
Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

But what if I'm too nice in the morning?

A snarl in sunshine  
speaks me me.

9.VI.10

## EVERYTHING HAS BEEN REVEALED

and I'm still working for revelations.

Why don't you now behold what you beheld?

Is Vision just to glimpse then look away?

But *that* which I saw was true

of that world in which I saw it—

this is this world

new today, a fresh-laid egg

much in need of cracking,

coaxing the inner phoenix free.

Or chicken. Or cockatrice.

9 June 2010

Cuttyhunk

## THE CRAFT

We Slavemasons have strange symbols  
we no longer understand.  
They work, though, like charms.  
Our arms.

9 June 2010



= = = = =

Now it can be ordinary again.

A sparrow on the railing

one of the uncountable

come to stand quietly

looking perhaps at me

through the what is the Latin for window?

*Per vitrium*, I'll guess.

Each being lives behind glass.

9 June 2010

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Things take a turn for the worse.

Tragedy. The goat dies. The men sing.

Women feed portions of the meat to the singers.

With other bits of meat they do secret things.

Two thousand years later all of this

somehow feels like philosophy they were up to.

We think as we please. We know better

than to listen to those crazy witnesses, ourselves.

9 June 2010

= = = = =

A man deserves every day  
a quarter-hour when he can hide from god  
from all the gods, safe  
in the silence of his ignorance.

It is a quiet place  
half-inside and half across the room  
or road or prairie,  
half him and half no one.  
A time when no one knows his name.

9 June 2010

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

If I had a favorite place  
which sea would it be?  
The beach by the barges  
like the sea's own piazza  
where old man Anthropos  
sits and watches his  
original country come  
to reclaim him grain by grain.

9 June 2010

= = = = =

It is the sound  
of it, of nothing,  
moving fast  
loud as a mirror  
in a dark hallway,  
who?

The sound  
said it, wake  
to be part of it,  
something sweet always waiting  
something that knows me  
like a dream coming from inside  
a long way I can hear it coming  
though I do not know all the corridors  
couloirs, miroirs, through which it comes,  
now, to wake me.

Who knew that woman was down there?  
We did not put her.  
She is part of the place itself,  
who knew she would smile at me so  
in the huge space into which everything comes?

10 June 2010

= = = = =

A land of light above the sea  
a calm dividing  
in the neck of storm.

Sore throat. Words  
hurt to write them down.  
Wind's whine, a wet dog.

10 June 2010

Cuttyhunk

## A GULF FOR HEIDE HATRY

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Imagine it thick in your own hair  
your eyes stuck shut

you gouge your scummy finger  
in your nose to break a way for air  
the black snot won't come out  
you breathe a little, it whistles

it's in your eyes now, burning  
and your ears are stuffed with sludge now too  
you can't even hear yourself scream

and while you're screaming  
you're thinking  
if you can still think  
that all this oil was leaf and meadow once,  
turf and forest waving  
millions and millions of years

all this was green life once  
and even now the glistening black sludge  
has a sheen of tree-brown in it  
a sheen of green—

forget the pelicans and pretty ducks,  
this is happening to you

you are the one  
sealed in scum

you feel your scalp aching  
your head trying to breathe  
did you know we breathe through the skin?  
only you can't, not any more,  
never again,

your skin belongs to business now  
this is the Midas touch of money  
they trade in your skin on the bourse,  
there is nothing left of the original you  
you still are screaming  
you make hardly any noise  
your throat is choked with oil  
you make only a little shushing noise  
like money changing hands

you pray for the pelicans and the sea turtles  
you pray for the ducks and cormorants  
the beautiful anhinga  
but this is happening to you



a tar-black seagull  
wings still flapping  
is stuck to your shoulders

you can't breathe any more  
waste your last breath on prayer

you pray for the pelicans  
not sure if you're praying for them or to them

pray to anything that seems alive  
keep praying till you run out of air

and you are the pelican now.

10 June 2010

Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Wind lets up. Fog slides closer.

Vineyard blur. Tall rain come  
north to us across the sky.

How strange, like Narcissus,  
rain raining on an empty ocean,  
water knowing itself all the way down.

10 June 2010

## *Aucéan*

Have you ever seen gold in sea-light  
on a wild grey day and the waves  
leap inward—you are inward—  
and the gold in your wedding ring glows  
with fierce dull (!) luster  
as if calling the waves, come to me,  
come to me, you chemical bride  
come let me mind you  
with my metal, our salts  
we share already, you  
from your deep streets  
come to me now, bringing  
your dowry, *sal luminis*,  
to share your salt of light.

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This special link between gold-worn-by-human and the deep sea water—no  
lake knows it. Only here, the water riding in from Portugal to marry my  
hand.

10 June 2010

Barges Beach